

The Interpretation of Dreams

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I was back in Georgia (where my Welsh
grandfather came to live),
driving an MG (all those driving tours
of England), going home
(Ohio), and found myself
in an underground garage (death), which I
tried to leave (live), but on the wrong
side of the road (England/Wales), when the toll
taker (my father) caught me. I knew
I could con him because
he was already weeping, saying
“I was almost ready to leave
this country forever,” and I
sympathized, and knew he would
tell me about his mother
(my wife) back home, who was sick,
and then he changed into a woman
with a beard (me), and then he let
me out with a golden token,
and I drove down the wrong way
into what happened next.